

The Glory of Dying in W A R:

WITH

A particular Application to the Death

OF THE

Late EARL of SANDWICH.

Blest *Sandwich*! Earth's envy! Heaven's delight!
 Whom the Gods honoured to die in Fight!
 A Glory far beyond the pow'r of Verse;
 Only, for *Mars*, and *Cannons*, to rehearse.
 'Tis Nature's pride; Virtue's reward; a Bliss
 Would make the Angels flight their happiness,
 And Court this Death; Mangre the blinde mistake
 Of vulgar spirits, and those lean Souls, who make
 It terrible; chusing rather to go
 Ten years tormented with a Gouty Toe,
 Or war against a Cough, their loathing tongues
 Spitting the filth, out of their conquer'd lungs;
 Or else their Corpse, with Salves and Sear-Cloths please;
 Live rotten Monuments of their disease;
 And carry pale-fac'd Death about to show,
 Making a Grave, and stink, where e're they go.
 Whilst thou, Great *Sandwich*, mad'st a Nobler choice,
 Not to be prais'd enough by humane voice.
 Who in defence of King and Country di'd,
 Have ever hitherto been Deifi'd.
 The sharpest Teeth of Time could never skar
 The Glory of a man was kill'd i'th' War.
 If Advocates gain honour by a Cause
 Concerning Trespas in the Common-Laws;
 What merits he, who pleads with dint of Sword?
 And may be kill'd, or kill at every word:
 Who speaks with Lightning and with dreadful Thunder,
 Making the Earth to shake, all Mortals wonder:
 By whose success, Kingdoms or fall, or stand,
 Has the fortune of Princes in his hand;
 Nay, the worship of the Gods! nay, the lives
 Of our selves, our servants, children and wives.
 In this Concern stout *Sandwich* bravely stood,
 Until he floated in a Sea of Blood:
 Repell'd the fury of the *Hogen* Might;
 Shiver'd their Valour, banish'd 'em the Fight:
 And then to make his Victory complear,
 The Heavens stoop'd, and took him from the Fleet,
 Leaving his Body on the gentle Bed
 Of *Neptune*, where the *Sea-gods* honoured

His Herse, and with the Glories of the Main
 Conducted it to shore; when with a Train
 Of Honours it was met, and in great State
 Placed amongst the Gods o'th' *Second Rate*.

Thus whilst his Corpse insults with Royal love,
 His Soul is led in Triumph by Great *Jove*.
 Heaven and Earth do both conspire to build
 Trophies unto the man that dies i'th' Field.

Now come, ye curst Diseases, that have led
 Your Captive Coward to his dying Bed;
 Shew me what ease, what comfort you afford
 The *Profelyte* you gained from the Sword.
 'Tis true, you give a little time; for what?
 To make him feel his grief, or lye and rot:
 A Cap, a Doctor, and a tender Nurse;
 And so you plague his Body with his Purse:
 Ye put him on a Rack; he ne're confess,
 Nor yet by flatteries, your Death was best.

Tell me, sick Clay, what Honour, what Renown
 It is to die upon a Bed of Down?

No, no; the way to Glory doth not lye
 Thorough the pangs of a sad Malady:
 Not he who is a Slave to Death, and stands
 Ready to serve her Messengers Commands;
 Submits to every disease, and falls,
 VVhen e're a petty Cold, or Fever calls:
 That man's a man of life, and valour, can
 Bid Death stand off; and when he please, come on;
 That, for his Countries sake, dares single meet
 All the Death-Heads o'th' *Hogen Mogen* Fleet!
 Make Death serve him, in killing others, then
 Commands: to return to him agen;
 And lift him from this doleful Vale of Tears,
 (VVithout the help of Sickness, or of Years)
 Unto Eternal Joy, and Bliss, and Glory,
 VVhere Angels love to Chant, and tell his Story.
 Thus did, thus liv'd, thus di'd, admir'd by all;
SANDWICH the Great, and Valiant Admiral.